MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

JULY

NO. 45

10¢

WITH THIS OFFER

FREE THIS AMAZING SPEEDRY BRUSHPEN KIT TO HELP YOU LEARN CARTOONING

You'll be delighted and amazed with the astounding contents of this announcement . . . you get so much for so little that everything included is almost a gift.

This limited free offer is made to encourage you who are sincere and anxious to learn cartooning. No matter if you never had any previous experience, you will find these instructions so interesting and so simplified, yes it is almost like copying, so that you just learn quickly how to draw the funniest and convenient faces. You can master lettering for show cards by just making straight and curved lines through the shortcut dot and dash lettering instructions included.

Cartoonists and artists make big money drawing for newspapers, advertisers, magazines, etc. Perhaps you have talent! If you have talent the instructions you get here will help you toward mastering this art and the easy steps which you practice in spare time will help you to make finished cartoon posters and signs. These will make you feel proud and able to prove your talent not only to yourself but to your friends and to possible customers. Think of it, this system is so fast moving and simple that you actually draw faces with the first lesson. No grinding studies and if you act at once we include free with your order a complete patented speed dry brush pen outfit. Remember the SPEED-DRY BRUSH PEN OUTFIT alone is sold for $1.50. So act at once and get yours FREE with your order.

DRAW FOR BIG PAY

ACTUALLY DRAW FUNNY FACES AND PROFESSIONAL-LIKE LETTERS IN ONE SIMPLE LESSON!

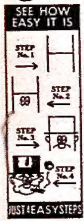
Think of it! You actually draw with your very first lesson. . . . Sounds impossible, but it's true because everything has been made so easy and simple. But practice makes perfect. Practice and it won't be long before you, providing you have ability, will be creating and drawing cartoony faces of your own and perhaps making money out of your newly developed talent.

ALL THIS INCLUDED

Four Easy Steps By FRANK WEBB

You are indeed fortunate to have included with this course, fast-moving illustrated cartoon instructions by the famous Frank Webb. Cartoonist Webb shows you how in four easy steps you can make the funniest faces imaginable. They are so easy to draw that you will be amazed. If you want a career as a cartoonist and artist don't miss this unusual opportunity. . . Let our instructions, equipment along with Frank Webb's great book "How to Make Faces" be your inspiration and perhaps the foundation of your very future.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS



Read All You Get

You get "How to Make Faces" by Frank Webb, professional drawing paper, sandpaper, pencil sharpening block, art gum eraser, assortment of American made crayons, ruler, Frank Webb cartoon pencil, flexible protractor to help you easily make any designs, 6 inch 30 degree flexible triangle, special instructions and dot and dash lettering system AND if you order at once you get Speed-Dry Brush pen outfit free.

ACT NOW! Rush Coupon . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back.

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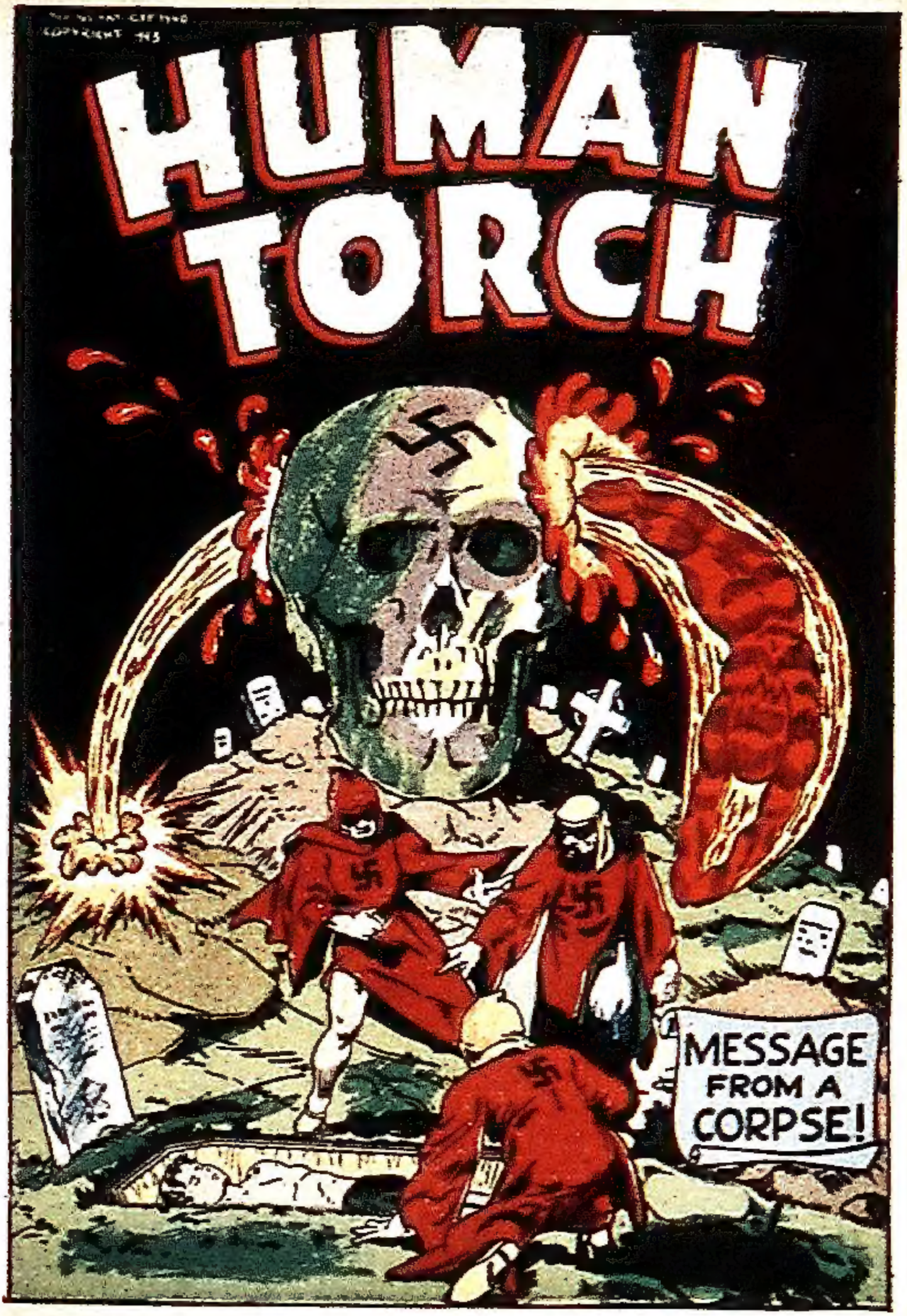
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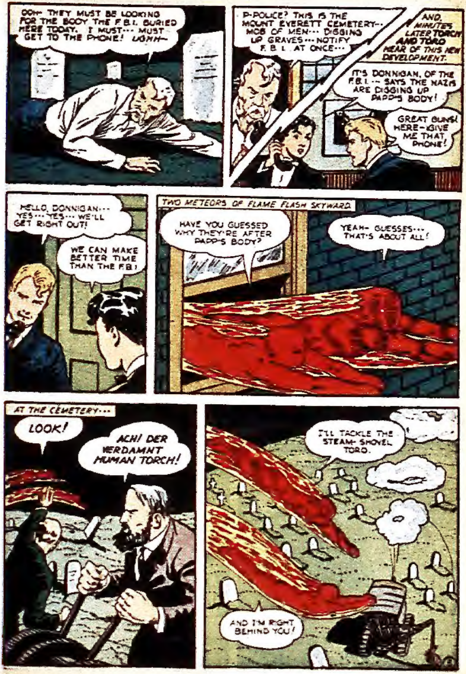
HUMAN TORCH
MESSAGE FROM A CORPSE!

SUDDENLY FEDERAL AGENTS, WITH THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO, ARE CLOSING IN ON ALOIS PAPP!...
WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS MAD BIRD WE'RE AFTER?
FRANZ PAPP! HE'S INSIDE THE HOUSE NOW-WITH VON GRITZER. QUIET NOW!
THEY'RE COMING OUT!
ALL RIGHT MEN, GET THEM DEAD OR ALIVE!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME INTO ACTION!
ACH! DER VERDAMMT R&I, AND DER HUMAN TORCH!
BAH! BULLETS ONLY MELT ON HIM!
BACK INTO THE HOUSE!
BUT AN ALERT FEDERAL MAN CLOSES PAPP'S NOTORIOUS CAREER!
BOTCHA, HEINIE!
"PAPP" GOES THE WEASEL!
WATCH HIM, TORCH! I'M GOING INSIDE AFTER THE OTHERS!
KEH! WHAT'S THE SENSE IN WATCHING A DEAD MAN?
DO AS I SAYS, TORO!
MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S NO ONE HERE! VON GRITZER GOT AWAY!
THAT'S TOO BAD!
WELL, WE DID GET PAPP!
3

STILL LATER, AT THE MORGUE...
STRANGE, BUT THERE ISN'T ONE CLUE AS TO THE INFORMATION PADDY WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER TO VON GRITER!
AND HE WAS THOROUGHLY EXAMINED! HMM... THE INFORMATION WAS PROBABLY MEMORIZED!
GUESS THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE WE CAN DO!
I'LL MAKE MY REPORT TO WASHINGTON AND ARRANGE TO HAVE HIM BURIED SECRETLY AS ALL EXECUTED SPIES ARE DURING WAR.
THE NEXT DAY AFTER PADDY'S BODY IS LAID TO REST...
PADDY'S GRAVE MUST REMAIN A STATE SECRET UNTIL AFTER THE WAR.
YOU CAN DEPEND ON US, MR. FREDERICKS.
CHECK!
GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT THAT LONG TO GET THE INFORMATION PADDY TOOK TO THE GRAVE WITH HIM.
CAN I GIVE YOU BOYS A LIFT BACK TO TOWN?
THANKS, NO.
SO LONG, FREDERICKS!
THANKS, FELLOWS!
'BYE!
FREDERICKS STARTS BACK TO TOWN, WHEN SUDDENLY...
WATCH OUT, YOU BLASTED FOOL! GOT!
TAKE HIM!
REACH FOR A GUN, AND YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!
THE NAZIS!

FREDERICK'S FORCED INTO THE CAR AND THE NAZI AGENTS TAKE HIM TO THEIR HIDEOUT!
TAKE HIM INSIDE, QUICKLY!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME, VON GRIZER?
INSIDE, AN UNUSUAL FORM OF TORTURE IS USED ON THE FEDERAL MAN!
TELL US WHERE PARIS WAS BURIED!
FIND OUT FOR YOURSELVES! OOOH!
HE'S PASSING OUT AGAIN!
BAH! COULDN'T TAKE IT! FINISH HIM OFF AND DISPOSE OF THE BODY WE KNOW THE CEMETERY BUT FIND PARIS GRAVE IF WE HAVE TO DIG UP THIS WHOLE PLACE!
THAT EVENING, AT AN EXCAVATION SITE NEAR THE CEMETERY GROUNDS...
AH! THERE'S WHAT WE NEED!
GET THAT EQUIPMENT ROLLING!
JAWOHL! WE DIG UP THE GRAVES NOW, NEIN?
10.4
AND A LITTLE LATER...
MT. EVERETT CEMETERY
HEY! WHAT IN HEAVEN IS THIS GOING ON?
STOP! YOU CAN'T BRING THAT STUFF IN HERE!
SILENCE, THAT FOOL!
JA, HERR VON GRIZER!
THE CALLOUS NAZIS CONTINUE WITH THEIR GRISLY TASK...
START DIGGING HERE, WHERE MOST OF THE NEW PLOTS ARE.

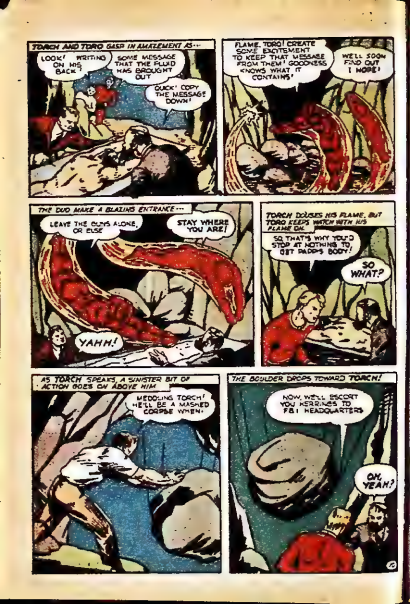

OOH- THEY MUST BE LOOKING FOR THE BODY THE F.B.I. BURIED HERE TODAY. I MUST--- MUST GET TO THE PHONE! UGHH-
P-POLICE? THIS IS THE MOUNT EVERETT CEMETERY-- MOB OF MEN--- DIGGING UP GRAVES--- NOTIFY F.B.I. AT ONCE---
AND, MINUTES LATER TORCH AND TORO HEAR OF THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT.
IT'S DONNIGAN, OF THE F.B.I. -- SAYS THE NAZIS ARE DIGGING UP PAPP'S BODY!
GREAT GUNS! HERE- GIVE ME THAT PHONE!
HELLO, DONNIGAN--- YES--- YES--- WE'LL GET RIGHT OUT!
WE CAN MAKE BETTER TIME THAN THE F.B.I.
TWO METEORS OF FLAME FLASH SKYWARD.
HAVE YOU GUESSED WHY THEY'RE AFTER PAPP'S BODY?
YEAH- GUESSES--- THAT'S ABOUT ALL!
AT THE CEMETERY---
LOOK!
ACH! DER VERDAMNT HUMAN TORCH!
I'LL TACKLE THE STEAM-SHOVEL TORO.
AND I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

VON GRIZER USES THE STEAM SHOVEL AS A DEFENSIVE WEAPON.
PERHAPS I CAN KNOCK HIM SENSELESS!
THE SHOVEL SWINGS UP BUT TORCH'S FLAME KNIFES THROUGH IT EASILY--
SORRY, NAZI-- YOU'RE A BIT TOO OLD TO PLAY WITH SHOVELS!
AGHN!
GET HIM, TORO! I'LL KEEP THE OTHERS BUSY!
IT'S NO USE! I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE!
DOUSING HIS FLAME, TORO COMES TO THE GROUND AND GOES AFTER VON GRIZER.
BETTER STOP, VON GRIZER, BEFORE I GET MAD AND FLAME AGAIN.
I.M.A. FISH
TORPEY
BUT...
OH-OH!... A TRACTOR!
SMASH
JA!
INSTANTLY, TORO FLAMES AND--
LET'S SEE... A TANK TRAP WOULD DO THE TRICK!

AS HE CUTS TO THE GROUND, HIS FLAME DIES A LARGE PIT.
TRY EVADING THIS FISSURE!
HA!— TRAPPED!
ACH!
BLAM
HEY! WHERE WERE YOU?
CHASING GHOULS! SAY— LOOK DOWN!
THEY'VE FOUND PAPPS BODY!
AFTER 'EM!
HERE THEY COME!
THEN LETS START ROLLING!
MELT THE TIRES, TORO. THAT WILL STOP THEM!
HA! THEY'RE FOLLOWING!
EXCELLENT!

THEY FELL FOR THE RUSE!
AH! LOOK AT THEM GO!
THIS IS PAPPS BODY. THE OTHER IS JUST A TRICK TO GET RID OF THEM! LOAD PAPPS ONTO THE OTHER TRUCK
GIVE ME A HAND HERE!
MACH SCHNELL!—THEN OFF TO OUR HIDEOUT!
WON'T THOSE FLAMING FOOLS BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY FIND THE OTHER BOY!
MEANWHILE, TORCH AND TORO—
YI-YI! HE'S MELTED THE TIRES!
FOOL! STOP THE CAR!
THAT GOT THEM!
DOWN, TORO!
THE NAZIS GIVE UP!
STAND STILL OR I'LL BOUNCE THIS BALL OFF YOU TWO!
HERE IT IS, TORO! HMM! THE TOP IS LOOSE!
BUT...
A SKELETON! WE'VE BEEN DUPED! THEY GET BACK!
I HATE TO LET THESE WUSS DO SCOT FREE!

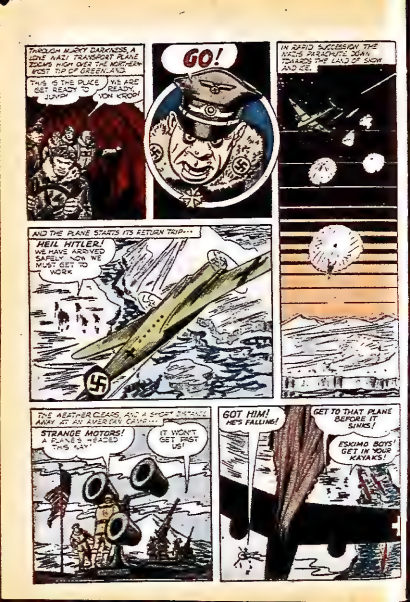
SECONDS LATER···
SAY, TORCH, THIS VAN JUST PULLED OUT OF THE CEMETERY!
WHAT ABOUT IT?
IT WAS THE SAME ONE THE NAZIS HAD IN THE CEMETERY!
YOU'RE RIGHT! SUPPOSE WE FOLLOW THEM TO WHERE THEY'RE GOING THEN···
THEY'RE PULLING INTO THIS SIDE ROAD!
AND IT LEADS INTO THE HILLS!
THAT'S IT, TORO! THEIR HIDEOUT!
A CAVE!
BRING THE BODY IN!
JA!
OUTSIDE···
KEEP YOUR FLAME, TORCH! STEAL INSIDE QUIETLY!
RIGHT!
STEALTHILY, TORCH AND TORO ENTER THE CAVE.
SAY!
SHUSH! HAVE A HYPODERMIC FULL OF BLUSH FLUID BEING INJECTED INTO FAIRY'S BODY! NOW, WAIT···


TORCH AND TORO GASP IN AMAZEMENT AS:--
LOOK! WRITING ON HIS BACK!
SOME MESSAGE THAT THE FLUID HAS BROUGHT OUT
QUICK! COPY THE MESSAGE DOWN!
FLAME, TORO! CREATE SOME EXCITEMENT TO KEEP THAT MESSAGE FROM THEM! GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT IT CONTAINS!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! I HOPE!
THE DUO MAKE A BLAZING ENTRANCE---
LEAVE THE BOYS ALONE, OR ELSE
STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
YAHH!
TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME, BUT KEEPS HERR NAZI WITH HIS FLAME ON.
SO, THAT'S WHY YOU'VE STUCK AT NOTHING TO GET PADDY'S BODY!
SO WHAT?
AS TORCH SPEAKS A SINISTER BIT OF ACTION RIDES ON ABOVE HIM
WEDDING TORCH! HE'LL BE A MASHED CORPSE WHEN!
THE BOULDER DROPS TOWARD TORCH!
NOW, WE'LL ESCORT YOU HERRINGS TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS
OH, YEAH?

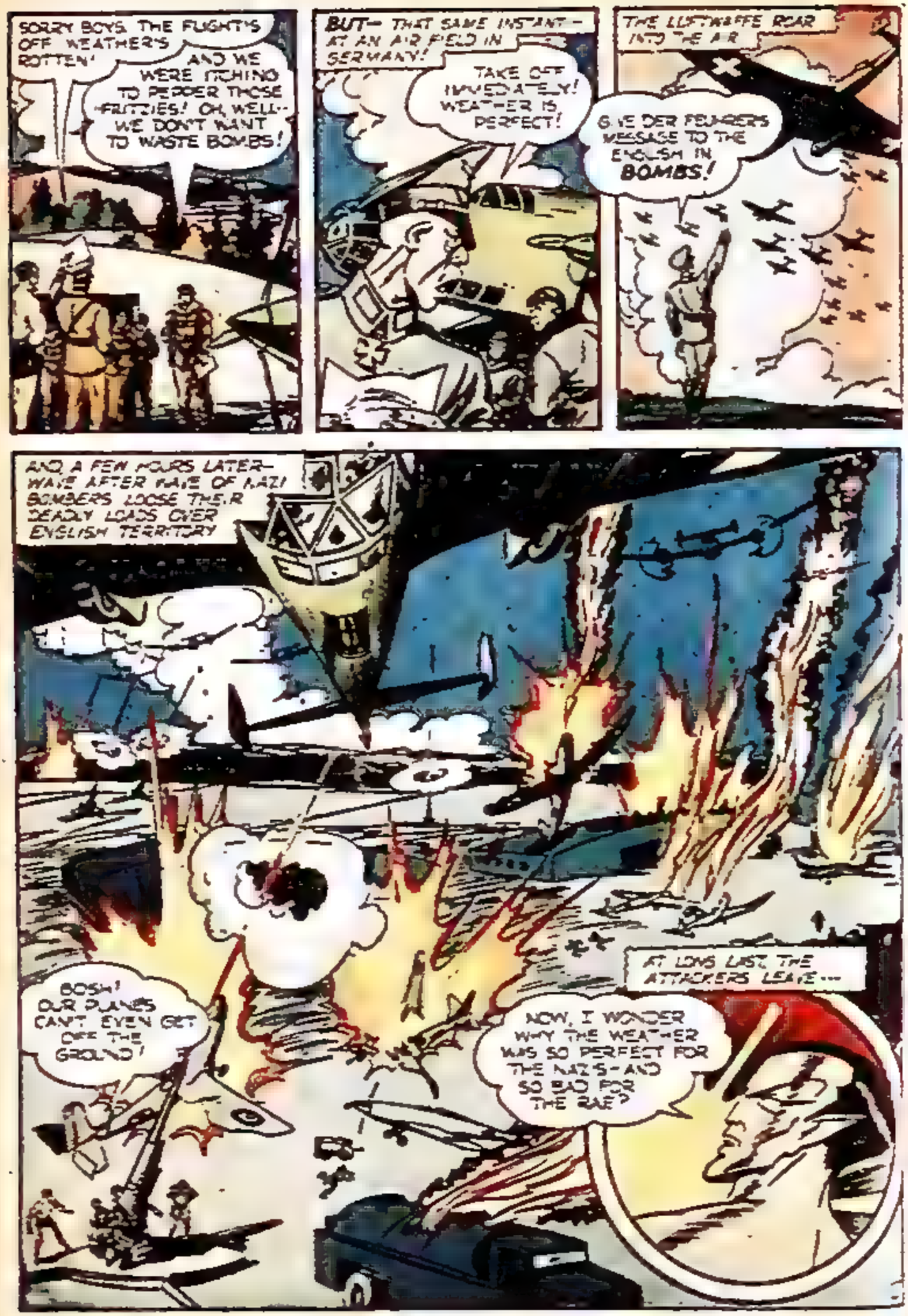
TORO WATCHES HIS SAVIOR'S EYES PUCKER UP TO THE BEWILDERED KID.
HMM··· WHAT DOES HE SEE?··· OH!
JUMP, TORCH! WATCH IT!
HUH?
A FRANTIC LEAP PUTS TORCH OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
WOW!
PLUNK!
THANKS, TORO!
NO TIME FOR THAT··· THEY'RE MAKING A BREAK FOR THE ENTRANCE!
WE GOT THE MESSAGE, LET'S GO!
TORO SPURTS FORWARD AND HIS FLAME LOOSENS TONS OF ROCK FROM ABOVE.
STAY PUT, RATS!
AOH! DER ROOF IS FALLING!
AND TONS OF ROCK SEAL THE ENTRANCE.
WE'RE TRAPPED!
NO! NO! NO!
YES! YES! YES! ROUND THEM UP, TORO! I'LL MELT A PASSAGE THROUGH THE ROCKS
SURE THING! I'LL BORROW A TRICK FROM SATAN HIMSELF!

TORO FASHIONS A PITCHFORK OF FLAME AND...
GET TOGETHER, NAZIS, AND BE READY FOR A FORCED MARCH!
THE HUMAN TORCH BURROWS A PASSAGEWAY THROUGH THE ROCK BARRIER
SEND THEM THROUGH, TORO, AS SOON AS THE ROCKS COOL DOWN... I'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM!
MINUTES LATER...
IN YOU GO!
OOPS! I'M GOING!
TORCH ENTERS THE CAVE ONCE MORE AND REAPPEARS WITH PAPP'S BODY
CAN'T LEAVE HIM BEHIND... THIS INFORMATION ON HIS BACK IS DYNAMITE!
LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
GOOD GRIEF, TORCH! PAPP'S MESSAGE TO GRIZER WAS ON THE POSITION OF A WOLF-PACK OF THIRTY "U" BOATS WAITING TO RECEIVE WORD OF OUR 125-SHIP RUSSIAN BOUND CONVOY... WE WARNED THE CONVOY. IT IS OUT OF HARM'S WAY, NOW.
YES, AND BY NOW, OUR ALLIED NAVIES ARE PLASTERING THOSE "U" BOATS WITH DEPTH BOMBS!
GRIZER WON'T BE SENDING THE NAZIS ANY MORE INFORMATION
I'D LIKE TO TELL THEM A THING OR TWO!
TUT-TUT TORO! REMEMBER THE CENSOR!
DON'T "TALK" WAR BONDS AND STAMPS, BUT BUY THEM! THE HUMAN TORCH REAPPEARS IN THE NEXT ALL WINNERS.

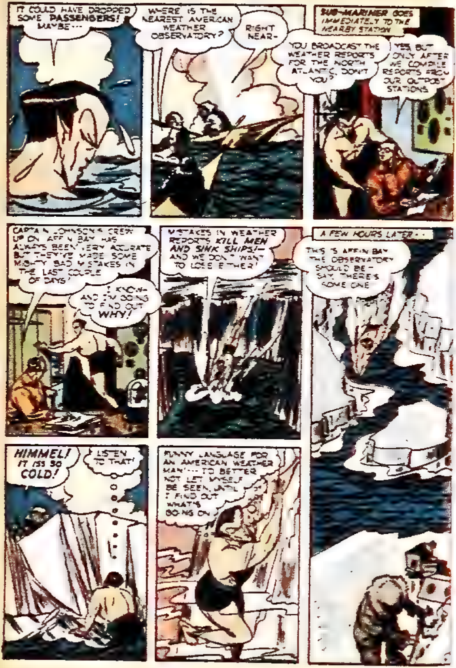
SUB-MARINER
METER
EAST
WEST
AXIS
PRINCE NAMOR MATCHES WITS WITH THE PHANTOM OF THE AIR!


THROUGH MURKY DARKNESS, A LONE NAZI TRANSPORT PLANE ZOOMS HIGH OVER THE NORTHERN MOST TIP OF GREENLAND.
THIS IS THE PLACE! GET READY TO JUMP!
WE ARE READY, HERR KOMM!
GO!
IN RAPID SUCCESSION, THE NAZIS PARACHUTE DOWN TOWARDS THE LAND OF SNOW AND ICE.
AND THE PLANE STARTS ITS RETURN TRIP...
HEIL HITLER! WE HAVE DONE OUR DUTY SAFELY. NOW WE MUST GET TO WORK!
THE WEATHER CLEARS, AND A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY AT AN AMERICAN CAMP...
STRANGE MOTORS! WHAT IS THIS FLY?
IT WON'T GET PAST US!
GOT HIM! HE'S FALLING!
GET TO THAT PLANE BEFORE IT SINKS!
ESKIMO BOYS! GET IN YOUR KAYAKS!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE ESKIMOS DRAW CLOSE TO THE SINKING PLANE
QUICK!
PLANE GOING DOWN FAST!
PILOT DEAD!
ME GO TELL CAPTAIN!
TWO DAYS LATER, WHILE SUB-MARINER IS VISITING AT AN R.A.F FIELD SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ENGLISH COAST---
DELAYED NEWS REPORT'--- A MYSTERIOUS AND UNARMED NAZI TRANSPORT PLANE HAS BEEN SHOT DOWN OFF THE GREENLAND COAST. A DEAD PILOT WAS THE ONLY PERSON FOUND ABOARD
HMM THAT'S STRANGE!
WHY SHOULD THE NAZIS SEND A LONE, UNARMED TRANSPORT PLANE TO SUCH A DESOLATE REGION?
MIGHTY PECULIAR THAT THERE WAS NO TRACE OF THE CREW, GENTLEMEN.
THE NAZIS DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT WITHOUT A VERY GOOD REASON.
JUST THEN---
PLANES READY TO TAKE OFF, SIR!
VERY WELL! I'LL CHECK WEATHER CONDITIONS OVER THE ATLANTIC AGAIN.
MINUTES LATER---
HMM--- LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THAT BOMBING TRIP!
WEATHER OVER NORTH ATLANTIC BAD--- FOG COMING FROM NORTH...


SORRY BOYS, THE FLIGHT'S OFF WEATHER'S ROTTEN!
AND WE WERE ITCHING TO PEPPER THOSE FRITZIES! OH, WELL-- WE DON'T WANT TO WASTE BOMBS!
BUT- THAT SAME INSTANT- AT AN AIR FIELD IN GERMANY!
TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY! WEATHER IS PERFECT!
THE LUFTWAFFE ROAR INTO THE AIR
GIVE DER FEUHRER'S MESSAGE TO THE ENGLISH IN BOMBS!
AND A FEW HOURS LATER- WAVE AFTER WAVE OF NAZI BOMBERS LOOSE THEIR DEADLY LOADS OVER ENGLISH TERRITORY
BOSH! OUR PLANES CAN'T EVEN GET OFF THE GROUND!
AT LONG LAST THE ATTACKERS LEAVE...
NOW, I WONDER WHY THE WEATHER WAS SO PERFECT FOR THE NAZIS- AND SO BAD FOR THE RAF?

SAY, GENERAL, HOW ABOUT THE WEATHER REPORT?
WHAT REPORT? OH WELL, IT'S HARD TO KNOW EXACTLY ABOUT WEATHER, SUB-MARINER—THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THERE'S BEEN ANY MISTAKE
OUR REPORTS ORIGINATE FROM GREENLAND— UNITED STATES TERRITORY
GREENLAND? THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
MINUTES LATER, SUB-MARINER IS ON HIS WAY TO GREENLAND.
MAYBE IT'S A COINCIDENCE THAT A BAD WEATHER REPORT WAS GIVEN RIGHT AFTER THAT MYSTERY PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN— BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE.
MEANWHILE, IN AN ICE-HUT ON THE NORTHERNMOST TIP OF GREENLAND---
RADIO BERLIN CALLING VON KROP--- EXCELLENT RAID ON R.A.F. FIELD. THANKS TO YOU— KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK--- HEIL HITLER--- SIGNING OFF!
COME— WE MUST MAKE MORE SOUNDINGS!
THIS IS A GOOD SCHEME. WE SEND THE REAL WEATHER REPORTS TO OUR NAZIS— WHILE THE AMERICANS RECEIVE OTHER INFORMATION TO PASS ALONG TO THEIR BRITISH ALLIES! HAA!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, SUB-MARINER REACHES THE EASTERN COAST OF GREENLAND
LOOK! LOOK! IT IS OUR FRIEND, SUB-MARINER!
WELCOME! WELCOME!
ESKIMOS! MAYBE THEY KNOW SOMETHING!
NAMOR MAKES INQUIRIES---
YES, WE PICK UP NAZI PLANE. HIM COME FROM NORTH!
FROM THE NORTH?
5

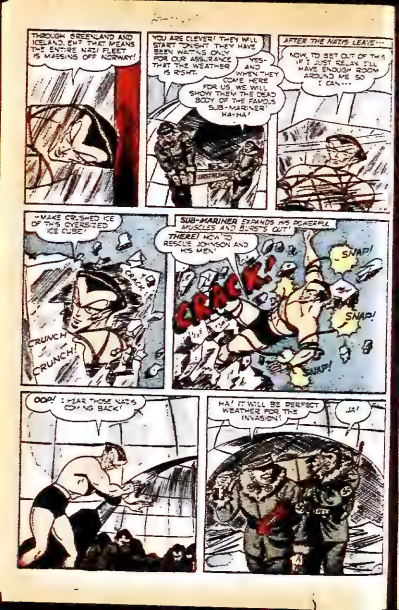


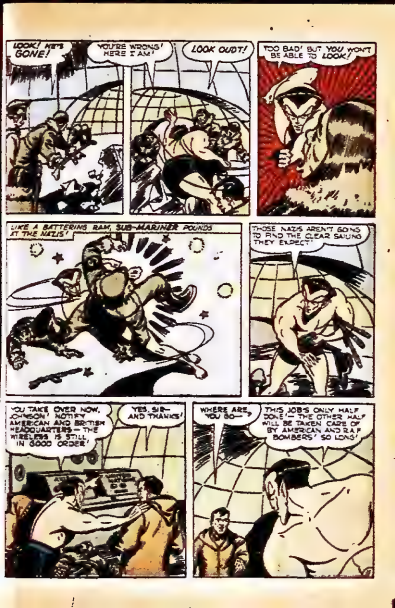
IT COULD HAVE DROPPED SOME PASSENGERS! MAYBE---
WHERE IS THE NEAREST AMERICAN WEATHER OBSERVATORY?
RIGHT NEAR-
SUB-MARINER GOES IMMEDIATELY TO THE NEARBY STATION
YOU BROADCAST THE WEATHER REPORTS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC, DON'T YOU?
YES, BUT ONLY AFTER WE COMPILE REPORTS FROM OUR OUTPOST STATIONS.
CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S CREW UP ON AFFIN BAY HAS ALWAYS BEEN VERY ACCURATE BUT THEY'VE MADE SOME MIGHTY BAD MISTAKES IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS!
I KNOW- AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY!
MISTAKES IN WEATHER REPORTS KILL MEN AND SINK SHIPS!- AND WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE EITHER!
A FEW HOURS LATER--
THIS IS AFFIN BAY THE OBSERVATORY SHOULD BE- SAY, THERE'S SOME ONE
HIMMEL! IT ISS SO COLD!
LISTEN TO THAT!
FUNNY LANGUAGE FOR AN AMERICAN WEATHER MAN'--- I'D BETTER NOT LET MYSELF BE SEEN, UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON

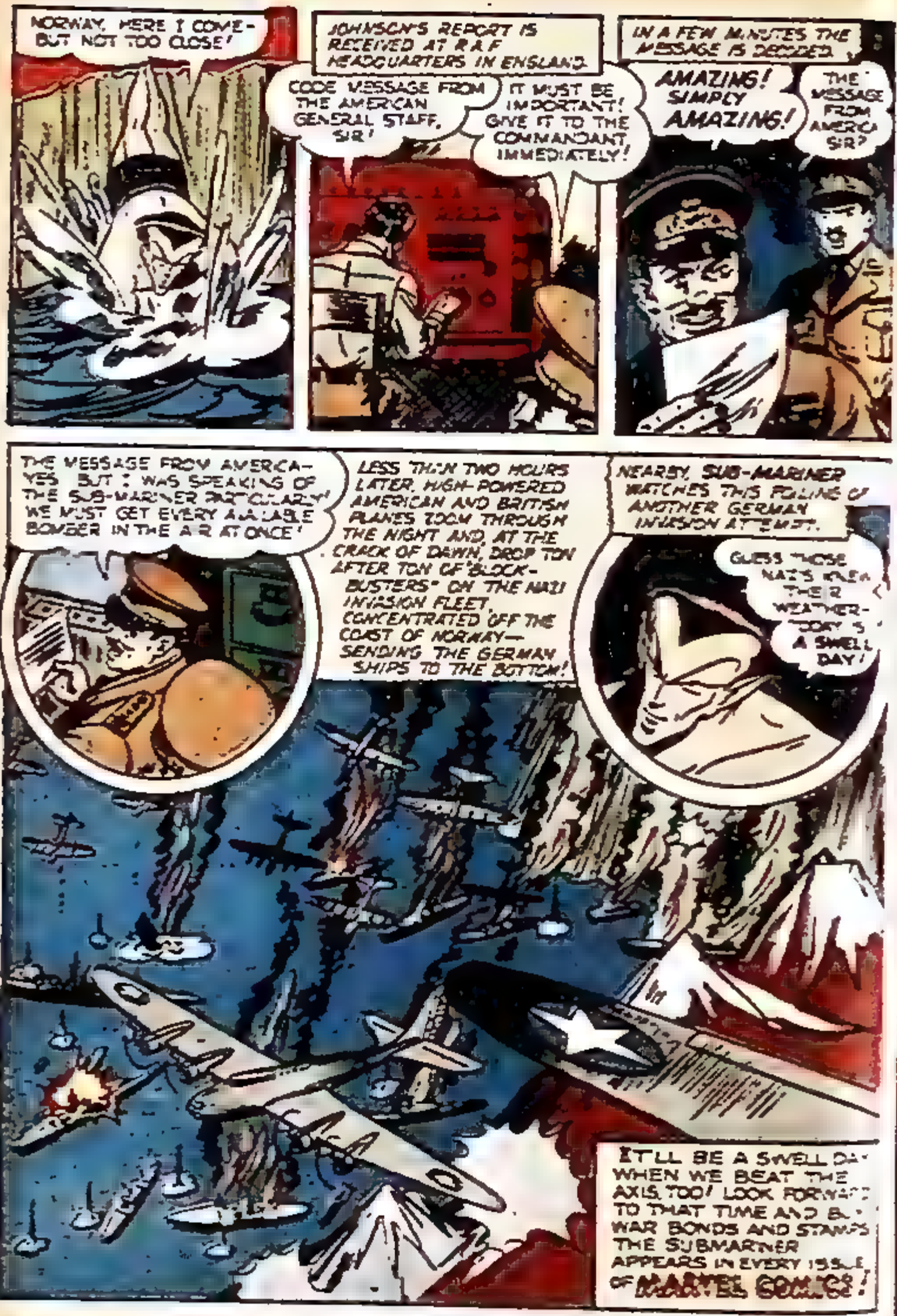
BRRRRRR!
STRONG WINDS NORTH BY EAST
GOOD! TODAY'S WEATHER REPORT IS READY FOR THE SHORT WAVE
VON KROP CALLING BERLIN
REPORT FOR NORTH ATLANTIC... CLOUDY WITH THUNDERSTORMS... PROBABLE FORTY MILE GALE—
SIGNING OFF!
NOW THE REPORT FOR THE UNITED NATIONS
FINE CLEAR FLYING WEATHER EXPECTED OVER NORTH ATLANTIC
DIRTY WORK!
IT'S THE S-SUB-MARINER!
OWW!
YOUR
DOWN!

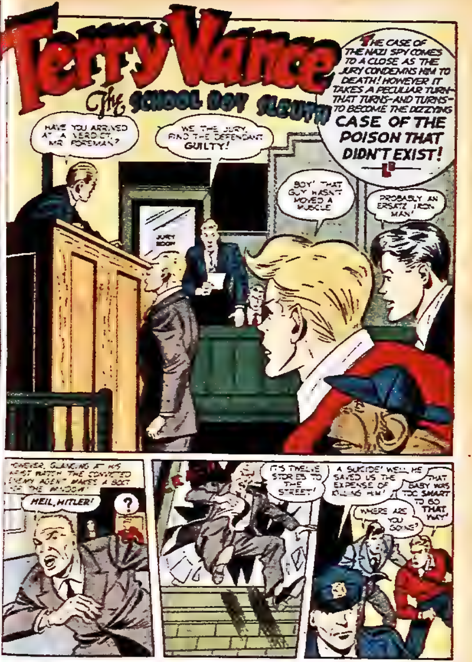
GET OUT! WE CANNOT FIGHT HIM!
QUICK! OUTSIDE!
SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THEM...
I'LL STOP THEM WITH THIS LOOSE BLOCK OF ICE!
TWO DOWN—ONE LEFT!
CRASH!
BUT—UNNOTICED BY SUB-MARINER—A TREMENDOUS CHUNK OF ICE HAS LOOSENED DIRECTLY OVER HIS HEAD!
NOW YOU'LL SPEAK UP!
CRUNCH!
IT CRASHES DOWN...
UH
VON KROP SEES SUB-MARINER FALL AND RUSHES BACK!
THE SLIDE HAS STOPPED AND SUB-MARINER IS IN MY POWER! HEIL HITLER!
NOW WE CAN COMPLETE OUR PLANS!
TIE HIM WITH THE HORSEHIDE STRIPS—THEN WE WILL ENCASE HIM IN ICE! SCHNELL!
WE GET BIG PROMOTIONS FOR THIS! JA!

AS SUB-MARINER COMES TO HE FINDS THE NAZIS IMPRISON HIM IN A HUGE BLOCK OF ICE TAKING A DEEP BREATH HE EXPANDS HIS MUSCLES...
I'LL SHOW THEM TO YOU
WE CAME TO SEE CAPTAIN JOHNSON AND HIS MEN, NICHT WAHR?
SPEAK! YOU WILL ALL DIE, ANYWAY!
THE NAZIS OVERPOWERED US. THEY LANDED IN PARACHUTES -- WE WERE TORTURED!... BUT THEY'VE LEARNED NOTHING FROM US!
YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE REAL AMERICANS, CAPTAIN JOHNSON!
THE NAZIS DESIRED SOME FIRST-HAND INFORMATION SO THEY SENT ME, GERMANY'S GREATEST WEATHER EXPERT!
YOU SEE -- THE BEST WEATHER DATA FOR USE IN GUIDING OPERATIONS OF AIR FLEETS IN THE WAR AREAS OF THE ATLANTIC COMES FROM HERE!
GREENLAND
ICELAND
FRANCE
SPAIN
SO YOU GRABBED THIS OUTPOST!
EXACTLY! WE ARRIVED RIGHT AFTER THE SUPPLIES WERE DELIVERED -- SO, THERE IS NO CHANCE OF DISCOVERY FOR SOME MONTHS!
BY TONIGHT WE WILL HAVE COMPLETED OUR MISSION. WE FALSIFY THE WEATHER DATA AND KEEP UNITED NATIONS PLANES GROUNDED, OR CLOSE TO SHORE -- WHILE DER FEUHRER INVADES ICELAND AND GREENLAND BY SEA AND AIR. HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
SUB-MARINER UNDERSTANDS THE NAZI PLOT AND WAITS FOR A GOOD CHANCE TO SPOIL THEIR PLANS.
9


THROUGH GREENLAND AND ICELAND, EH? THAT MEANS THE ENTIRE NAZI FLEET IS MASSING OFF NORWAY!
YOU ARE CLEVER! THEY WILL START TONIGHT. THEY HAVE BEEN HAITI'S ONLY FOR OUR ASSISTANCE THAT THE WEATHER IS RIGHT!
YES-
AND WHEN THEY COME HERE FOR US, WE WILL SHOW THE DEAD BODY OF THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER HA-HA!
AFTER THE HAITI LEAVE--
NOW, TO GET OUT OF THIS! IF I JUST RELAX, I'LL HAVE STRENGTH SOON ENOUGH TO MOVE AROUND. WE SO I CAN--
--MAKE CRUSHED ICE OF THIS OVERSIZED ICE CUBE!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH!
SUB-MARINER EXPANDS HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES AND BURSTS OUT!
THERE! NOW, RESCUE JOHNSON AND HIS MEN!
CRACK!
SNAP!
SNAP!
SNAP!
OOH! I HEAR THOSE NAZIS COMING BACK!
HA! IT WILL BE PERFECT WEATHER FOR THE INVASION!
JA!


LOOK! HE'S GONE!
YOU'RE WRONG! HERE I AM!
LOOK OUT!
TOO BAD! BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LOOK!
LIKE A BATTERING RAM, SUB-MARINER POUNDS AT NAZIS!
THOSE NAZIS AREN'T GOING TO BOTHER CLEAR SAILING THEY EXPECT!
YOU TAKE OVER NOW, CHINOOK. NOTIFY AMERICAN AND BRITISH HEADQUARTERS—THE WIRELESS IS STILL IN GOOD ORDER!
YES, SIR—AND THANKS!
WHERE ARE YOU GO—?
THIS JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE!—THE OTHER HALF WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF BY AMERICAN AND R.A.F. BOMBERS! SO LONG!


NORWAY, HERE I COME—BUT NOT TOO CLOSE!
JOHNSON'S REPORT IS RECEIVED AT R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS IN ENGLAND.
CODE MESSAGE FROM THE AMERICAN GENERAL STAFF, SIR!
IT MUST BE IMPORTANT! GIVE IT TO THE COMMANDANT, IMMEDIATELY!
IN A FEW MINUTES THE MESSAGE IS DECODED.
AMAZING! SIMPLY AMAZING!
THE MESSAGE FROM AMERICA, SIR?
THE MESSAGE FROM AMERICA—YES! BUT I WAS SPEAKING OF THE SUB-MARINER PARTICULARLY! WE MUST GET EVERY AVAILABLE BOMBER IN THE AIR AT ONCE!
LESS THAN TWO HOURS LATER, HIGH-POWERED AMERICAN AND BRITISH PLANES ZOOM THROUGH THE NIGHT AND, AT THE CRACK OF DAWN, DROP TON AFTER TON OF "BLOCK-BUSTERS" ON THE NAZI INVASION FLEET, CONCENTRATED OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY—SENDING THE GERMAN SHIPS TO THE BOTTOM!
NEARBY, SUB-MARINER WATCHES THIS FOILING OF ANOTHER GERMAN INVASION ATTEMPT.
GUESS THOSE NAZIS KNEW THEIR WEATHER—TODAY'S A SWELL DAY!
IT'LL BE A SWELL DAY WHEN WE BEAT THE AXIS, TOO! LOOK FORWARD TO THAT TIME AND BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
THE SUB-MARINER APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

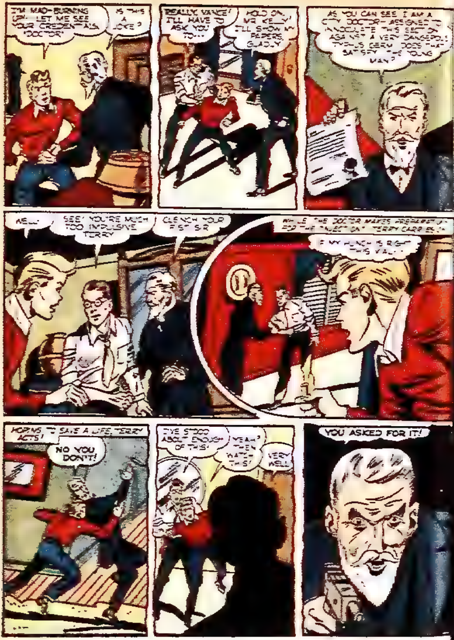

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
THE CASE OF THE NAZI SPY COMES TO A CLOSE AS THE JURY CONDEMNS HIM TO DEATH! HOWEVER IT TAKES A PECULIAR TURN-THAT TURNS-AND TURNS-TO BECOME THE DIZZYING
CASE OF THE POISON THAT DIDN'T EXIST!
HAVE YOU ARRIVED AT A VERDICT, MR. FOREMAN?
WE THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY!
JURY ROOM
BOY! THAT GUY HASN'T MOVED A MUSCLE
PROBABLY AN ERSATZ IRON MAN!
HOWEVER, GLANCING AT HIS WRIST WATCH THE CONVICTED ENEMY AGENT MAKES A BOLT FOR THE WINDOW!
HEIL, HITLER!
?
IT'S TWELVE STORIES TO THE STREET!
A SUICIDE! WELL, HE SAVED US THE EXPENSE OF KILLING HIM!
THAT BABY WAS TOO SMART TO GO THAT WAY!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

JUMPING TO THE SILL, TERRY SEES--
UH-HUH! A BIG TRUCK-CANVAS TOP!
BETTER GET THIS PICTURE TO THE D.A.
YOU ALL RIGHT, CARL?
YA, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT MORE HAY IN HERE OW!
A SHORT TIME LATER AFTER TERRY'S PICTURE HAS BEEN PRINTED...
I'VE A HUNCH HE LEAPED INTO THE TRUCK!
VERY IMPROBABLE FROM THAT HEIGHT, BUT I'LL HAVE THE LICENSE CHECKED
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
THE TRUCK WAS STOLEN FROM A FRUIT MERCHANT I'LL SEND A CALL OUT AND HAVE IT PICKED UP
CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR AN ACME FRUIT TRUCK, LICENSE-
HERE WE GO, CHARLIE!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
ANY LUCK?
YEAH-COME ON!
TAKING A FAST RIDE OUT INTO THE COUNTRY.
WELL, THERE'S YOUR LEAD KID - ABANDONED AND BURNED TO CRISP! WE'LL HAVE TO START ALL OVER
GEE!
NO ONE HERE, BOSS

I THOUGHT I HAD THAT CASE CLEANED UP
YEAH - TOO BAD! WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, TERRY.
YOU MEAN I CAN'T HELP? WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE ME—
LOOK, KID, YOU DID A GOOD JOB ALTHOUGH YOU GOT OFF ON THE WRONG TRACK
YOU FOLLOWED A CLUE AND HAD IT PICKED UP. HOWEVER, WE ARE MUCH TOO BUSY TO HAVE KIDS AROUND. FORGET IT!
THAT'S ALL THE THANKS WE GET! PHOOEY!
FORGET IT, PAL
THE NEXT AFTERNOON, WHEN TERRY WANDERS INTO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE—
WANT TO GIVE ME A HAND READING THESE PROOFS, TERRY?
WHY NOT?
HOLY SMOKES!
WHAT'S UP? DID THEY GET OUR SPY?
NO, BUT LISTEN. JEFRY JASON, THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY WAS FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING!
YEAH? THAT'S TOO BAD.
I'VE A HUNCH THAT BLASTED NAZI GOT JASON AND IS OUT TO GET THE OTHERS, TOO! LET'S GO!

RUSHING TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, TERRY EXPLAINS HIS HUNCH
-- IT WAS MURDER, I TELL YOU! SO---
NOW, HOLD ON! THE CORONER'S REPORT ON MY DESK SAYS HEART FAILURE
BUT I THOUGHT--
SSH! EASY, TERRY!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THOUGHT! WE'RE NOT COMPLETE DUNCES NOW, BEAT IT BEFORE I GET MAD!
AW TERRY, I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU
PAPER MYSTERY
YEAH! I'LL TAKE ONE, KID
A FEW SECONDS LATER---
JINGO!
WHAT NOW? YOU GET MORE OUT OF A PAPER THAN ANYONE I KNOW
COME ON! WE'RE GOING BACK!
OOH! THAT DA IS PLENTY TOUGH!
TERRY BARGES INTO THE DA'S OFFICE AGAIN AND---
--- AND STAY OUT!
OOF
SLAM!
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE ENOUGH, DO YOU?
WELL I HAVE TO REPORT BACK
OKAY-- RUN ALONG I'M GOING TO STAY HERE.

YES?
BOTH, HEART ATTACKS!
CERTAINLY
EXCUSE ME?
JUMPIN' JINGOS, PAL! C'MON—
EASY KID


I'M MAD—BURNING UP!—LET ME SEE YOUR CREDENTIALS "DOCTOR"
IS THIS A JOKE?
REALLY, VANCE! I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO...
HOLD ON, MR KELLY! I'LL SHOW MY PAPERS GLADLY
AS YOU CAN SEE I AM A CITY DOCTOR—ASSIGNED TO INOCULATE THIS SECTION AGAINST A VERY DANGEROUS
WELL—
SEE! YOU'RE MUCH TOO IMPULSIVE TERRY
CLENCH YOUR FIST SIR
HOPING TO SAVE A LIFE, TERRY ACTS!
NO YOU DON'T!
I'VE STOOD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS!
YEAH? THEN WATCH THIS!
VERY WELL
YOU ASKED FOR IT!

AS THE NAZI FIRES POINT-BLANK AT TERRY, MR. KELLY ACTS!
I DON'T LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE SHOOTING GUNS IN MY HOUSE, YOU LUG!
BANG!
OWWW!
A SHORT TIME LATER---
AND SO, I THOUGHT IT WAS BETTER FOR ME TO MAKE A MISTAKE RIGHT!
YOU BET! I'LL BET THE POLICE
AT HEADQUARTERS, AS TERRY TELLS HIS STORY TO THE POLICE, THE D.A. STORMS IN!
SO, IT'S THE YOUNG GENIUS AGAIN, EH? HOW'D YOU GET HIM THIS TIME-- WITH A MAGNET?
HA-HA! NOT QUITE!
TERRY TELLS HOW THE NAZI MASQUERADED AS A DOCTOR
THAT EXPLAINS THE TWO DEATHS AND HIS ATTEMPT TO GET TO THE OTHERS-- BUT FOR THE LORD'S SAKE, HOW DID YOU KNOW!
IT'S SIMPLE, SIR
I READ THE NEWSPAPERS. THE METHOD OF INJECTING AN AIR BUBBLE INTO THE BLOOD STREAM IS AN OLD NAZI TRICK-- SORT OF ERSATZ POISON. ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT--
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN-- HOW DID YOU--
IT WAS JUST A HUNCH UNTIL I PICKED UP THIS EMPTY DRY VIAL. THEN I KNEW I WAS RIGHT!
DARNED NICE WORK, VANCE!
THANKS, SIR. SAY! WHAT'S EATING YOU? DEADLINE?
AW, IF I HADN'T DOUBTED YOU, I'D BE ABLE TO WRITE A SWELL EYE WITNESS FEATURE!
REMEMBER BOYS AND GIRLS, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO FIGHT THE AXIS-- BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! AND, REMEMBER THAT NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMES OUT ONE MONTH FROM NOW

Uncle Sam's NEPHEW

THERE WAS always that feeling of incompleteness about Sandy never could quite rid himself of, a feeling that clung even after he came out of the big repair depot covered with grime and grease, so tired that every bone in his body ached and he could hardly see straight. But that feeling . . . as if he wasn't really doing his share, was letting the other guys in the field do the actual fighting.

Sandy went in to wash up. A couple of the guys were hanging around killing time. They'd come in long before the ten to five whistle sounded. Pete Hannigan looked Sandy over and asked, "Why wait till the last minute to scrub up, kid? Get wise to yourself."

Sandy applied soap carefully, thickly. "I wasn't done with that grease job on the rack and that convoy for Evansville leaves first thing in the morning."

"So what?" Pete's voice was insolent, mocking. "Tomorrow's another day. Let the Captain worry about getting it out. Maybe he'd like to come down and go to work on it."

The others laughed and Sandy washed the soap off, applied more. Inside there was anger. "That's one way of figuring loyalty, he said quietly. "Personally, I want to do all I can."

At home they said, "You wouldn't see the big shots going out there and fighting. You'd be the one to risk your life!"

"Three months' training! Boys out of school!—"

Sandy had replied, "The fourteen- and fifteen-year-old kids in most countries know more about rifles and shooting than the twenty-year-old guys over here. That's how come they're winning." But it wasn't any use.

Sandy dried his hands, got out of his grease-monkey-suit and hung it on a peg as Pete approached. "Don't you want to win the war?" Sandy asked softly. "Won't you be glad when it's over?"

"No!" Pete inhaled deeply. "Why should I? My job folds up when the war's over, and I'll have to go back to digging ditches."

"Graves would be more like it!"

"That's right!" Pete screamed. "Maybe I can get a job over there digging ditches for the suckers—"

"Nobody wants to fight!" Sandy snarled suddenly, "They've got to!"

Pete stepped on his cigarette. "There's strong words!"

Sandy nodded grimly. "That's right. Want me to prove you're yellow?"

"Yeah?" Pete's hand dipped a heavy crescent wrench out of his hip pocket. "Go ahead. Try!"

SANDY STEPPED in. It was a direct challenge. He knew he was right and didn't particularly want what the outcome would be. Pete's Dwight would probably raise the roof.

The blow caught Pete sideways, snapped him back on his feet where he tottered a second, the wrench clattering to the floor. He rocked forward, his body loosening up, and Sandy delivered a second blow, driving Pete off his feet. He lay still a minute, his hand groping dazedly for his mouth, feeling his lips. Then he relaxed.

Sandy cropped his hands with cold water, sloshed it into Pete's face and he opened his eyes and got groggily up, like a drunken man.

He mumbled, "I'll see the Captain tomorrow, wise guy! I will!"

CAPTAIN DWIGHT was stocky, rubbery. When he walked the impression was that he walked on balloons because he kind of bounced along. He looked at Sandy, nodded "Sit down."

"I've had a report on the fight last evening," he stated quietly. "Of course, you've a reason for with the rules around here, aren't you?"

"I am," Sandy replied.

Captain Dwight chuckled, then cleared the faint smile from his face guiltily. "If Pete Hannigan made any statement that was detrimental to the war effort, you should have told me about it instead of taking the law into your own hands. Why did you do it?"

Sandy answered, "He made me mad and I just swung!"

Captain Dwight said, "I can't let this go unpunished, though your record is excellent. Return to your work until I send for you."

The next day some of the guys wanted to know how he'd made out but Sandy kept his mouth shut. Sandy heard that Pete had come in long enough to make a report to the Captain, then had gone home again.

IT WAS quitting time when the General's car rolled in. Sandy was late getting washed up and when he hurried out through the big shop, he saw the car there with a soldier from the barracks on guard. Sandy knew this job always got priority over everything else. The fellows had seen it coming and had ducked.

"Where's everybody?" the soldier wanted to know. "This job's got to be done immediately. General Reynolds is over at the Staff Office, waiting for it!"

Sandy hesitated. Some one slid past him remarking, "You're the guy who likes to work."

Sandy said, "It's after five. Everyone's gone. What seems to be the matter?"

"Carburetor keeps loading up. No speed, sluggish . . ."

Sandy turned away for his tools. Those symptoms could mean almost anything. But instead of digging out the trouble, it would be best to shove in a new unit. Even that meant time for installing and adjusting.

It was after ten o'clock before the big sedan was running smoothly again. Sandy was just finishing up when Captain Dwight and General Reynolds walked in. The General was a quiet looking man, with a stern, seamed face. He looked at Sandy. "What was the trouble?"

"Carb. I've installed a new unit. It'll be okay. I've gotta hustle. Folks will be wondering—"

"Wait a minute," the General said. "I'll drive you home if you live nearby. I have to return to Headquarters tonight!"

The road ahead of them was like new silver, with the moon gleaming on the damp surface. The car rolled swiftly, smoothly along.

Another car came from behind, rolled alongside of them and before Sandy realized what was happening the government car was off the road, crashing through the brush and weeds.

THE GENERAL said quietly, "Trouble, son—"

Sandy snapped open the door with trembling hands and as he tumbled out he saw the men converge upon them, saw the moonlight glinting on the guns in their hands.

One of them advanced to where the General stood, asked gruffly, "General Reynolds, ain't you?"

"I am. What do you want?"

"Your company." The man chuckled ominously. "You're going for a ride with us—"

Sandy circled the government car. Danger threatened and now, approaching from behind, he realized this was his only chance and hurled himself in. It was desperate but necessary. . . .

A gun barked. Sandy struck the man in front of him, sent him spinning to the ground. Another closed in and again a gun barked. Sandy struck. For a few moments it was a conglomeration of fists and legs and blows, out of which suddenly came the authoritative smash of a .45 automatic. One of the men screamed and the confusion was gone, they were racing away. A sharp shot rang out, a different one this time, and Sandy felt the sting of hot lead through his flesh.

Suddenly there were the bright lights of a car roaring toward him where he lay sprawled on the edge of the road.

Sandy heard the wail of a police siren and, as his senses cleared, he saw the police car hurl past along the road after the escape car. He felt better then sitting on the running board of the government machine while the General deftly attended the flesh wound he'd received.

Everything was different in the morning. That sense of incompleteness was gone as Sandy stepped into the Captain's office and met a warm grin.

"I'm turning in my resignation," Sandy announced.

Captain Dwight looked up thoughtfully. "Accepted," he said with that habitual calm of his. "Our loss is someone else's gain."

Sandy replied, "You see, I've wanted to join up for a long time now. And my folks . . . well, they had the wrong slant. But after what happened last night—"

"The General's pretty fond of you for that."

Sandy felt warm around the ears, and warm around his heart. "Well, you're not losing me, sir. I'm joining the army!"

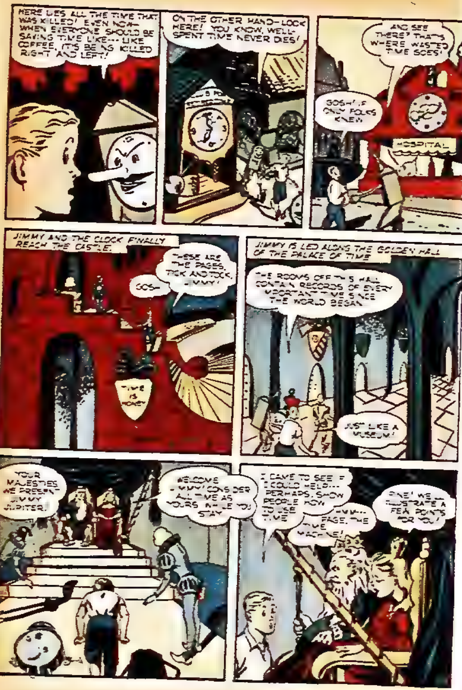
The End.

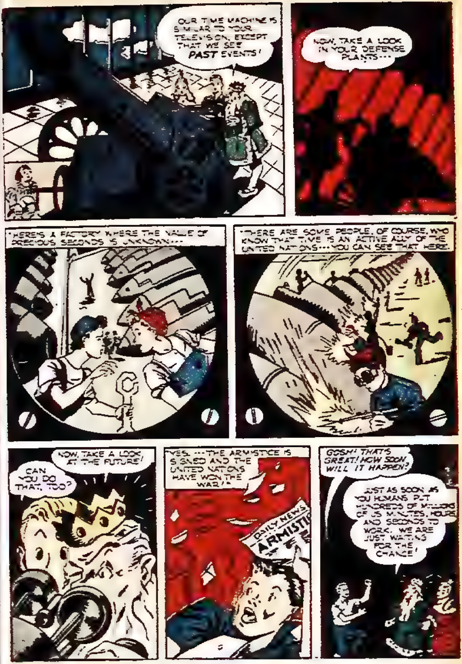
JIMMY JUPITER
NICE AGAIN, JIMMY JUPITER AND A SPRINGER AND EDDIE LAND TO FIND THE SIMPLE ANSWER TO A GREAT QUESTION— HOW TO WIN THE WAR IN A HURRY! AND IN ADDITION, MAKE MANY NEW FRIENDS!
IN THE VALLEY OF TIME
VICTORY

OUCH!
WHEN SATURDAY COMES
TO DO, ANYWAY!
SO!
WHAT'S THE
AROUND, WISE GUY?
GOSH! I DON'T MEAN— GEE!
YOU HUMANS NEVER
YEAH!
?
WELL, LOOK AT ME. I USED TO WORK IN A FACTORY, KEEPING TRACK OF WORKING HOURS. BUT YOU HUMANS MADE ME PUNCH DRUNK!
YEAH— AND LOOK AT ME.
ME OUT OF A WINDOW— JUST CAUSE I WAS DOING MY DUTY.
SHAME!

YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THE REST!
YEAH! YOU'RE PRACTICALLY OUR ENEMY!
BUT, LOOK—
SURE, I'M HUMAN--- BUT WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO HAVE ME AS A FRIEND
WELL— IT SOUNDS GOOD BUT—
IT'S JUST POSSIBLE--- IF WE TOOK YOU TO THE VALL OF TIME, WE COULD--- WELL, MAYBE—
A SHORT TIME LATER---
IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW!
THANK GOODNESS!
THEN--- AFTER TWENTY SECONDS...
WELL—THERE IT IS!
COME! WE MUSTN'T WASTE HERE ANY-WAY!
FINALLY JIMMY AND HIS TWO FRIENDS REACH THE GATE TO THE CITY OF TIME.
HOME SWEET HOME!
GEE!
SUDDENLY, THE BIG CLOCK'S LONG HAND DARTS OUT...
WELCOME, SON! ENTER!
THANKS, ER—SIR!
THAT DOES IT! LET'S GO IN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR CITY?
IT'S SWELL!
SAY, THAT'S SOME CASTLE! WHO LIVES THERE?
FATHER TIME AND HIS QUEEN. YOU'LL MEET THEM— ALL STRANGERS DO!
WHO'S THAT?
THAT'S ONCE-UPON-A-TIME— A RESPECTED MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY. HE HOLDS MANY HAPPY MEMORIES
HOLY SMOKES! WHO ARE THESE?
MINUTE MEN! THEY ARE VERY BUSY— RUSHING THE SALE OF WAR BONDS!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEM!— DO WE GO TO THE CASTLE NOW?
NOT YET! I WANT YOU TO SEE OTHER THINGS FIRST
FOR EXAMPLE, HERE IS A SIGHT YOU SHOULDN'T MISS!
I'M SORRY— BUT I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND


HERE LIES ALL THE TIME THAT WAS KILLED! EVEN NOW—WHEN EVERYONE SHOULD BE SAVING TIME LIKE--- LIKE COFFEE, IT'S BEING KILLED RIGHT AND LEFT!
ON THE OTHER HAND—LOOK HERE! YOU KNOW, WELL-SPENT TIME NEVER DIES!
AND SEE THERE? THAT'S WHERE WASTED TIME GOES!
GOSH! IF ONLY FOLKS KNEW
HOSPITAL
JIMMY AND THE CLOCK FINALLY REACH THE CASTLE.
THESE ARE THE PAGES, TICK AND TOCK, JIMMY!
GOSH—
JIMMY IS LED ALONG THE GOLDEN HALL OF THE PALACE OF TIME
THE ROOMS OFF THIS HALL CONTAIN RECORDS OF EVERY IMPORTANT TIME SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
JUST LIKE A MUSEUM!
YOUR MAJESTIES WE PRESENT JIMMY JUPITER!
WELCOME JIMMY! CONSIDER ALL TIME AS YOURS WHILE YOU STAY.
I CAME TO SEE IF I COULD HELP... PERHAPS, SHOW PEOPLE HOW TO USE TIME
HMM... PAGE, THE TIME MACHINE!
FINE! WE'LL ILLUSTRATE A FEW POINTS FOR YOU!


OUR TIME MACHINE IS SIMILAR TO YOUR TELEVISION, EXCEPT THAT WE SEE PAST EVENTS!
NOW, TAKE A LOOK IN YOUR DEFENSE PLANTS...
HERE'S A FACTORY WHERE THE VALUE OF PRECIOUS SECONDS IS UNKNOWN...
THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE, OF COURSE, WHO KNOW THAT TIME IS AN ACTIVE ALLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS... YOU CAN SEE THAT HERE.
NOW TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE!
CAN YOU DO THAT, TOO?
YES... THE ARMISTICE IS SIGNED AND THE UNITED NATIONS HAVE WON THE WAR!
DAILY NEWS
GOSH! THAT'S GREAT! HOW SOON WILL IT HAPPEN?
JUST AS SOON AS YOU HUMANS PUT HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF US MINUTES, HOURS AND SECONDS TO WORK. WE ARE JUST WAITING FOR THE CHANCE!

WELL EVERYONE WANTS TO WIN THE WAR! I'LL DO MY BEST! YOU SEE!
AND DON'T FORGET TO USE US WELL, SON!
HOLD ON SECOND!
WHAT IS IT?
I HAVE HOOKED UP JUPITER'S MOUTH TO RING THAT ONE HOUR WHEN I WANTED MANY AN HOUR!
IS THIS TRUE, JIMMY?
YES, SIR, BUT IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!
I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK
WELL, I GUESS I HAVE IT COMING! OUCH!
JIMMY SLOCKENCY FINDS HIMSELF UNDER A SWATH OF TIME OUT IN A MEADOW...
GOSH! WHAT A DREAM! SAY, THIS OLD CLOCK IS GOOD STUFF! I WISH I COULD REALLY USE IT!
ZZZZZ...
JIMMEE! SUPPER'S ALMOST READY!
AW, MOM! CALL ME WHEN IT'S READY. I'LL HAVE THE LAWN MOWED BY THAT TIME!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU! IF MORE PEOPLE MADE AS GOOD USE OF THEIR TIME, THE WAR WOULD BE OVER BEFORE WE KNEW IT!
JIMMY JUNIOR WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE! MEANWHILE, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME BUT PUT YOUR WAR BOND!

THE VISION

in the

"VISION'S SECRET"

MAN, FROM HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON THIS EARTH, HAS SOUGHT THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY. ONLY ONE MAN HAS EVER BEEN PERMITTED TO ACHIEVE IT— *THE VISION!* AND NOW, THE ENEMY OF OUR COUNTRY BECOMES THE PERSONAL FOE OF *THE VISION* AS THE JAPANESE EXPOSE HIS PRECIOUS SECRET [illegible] ETERNAL LIFE!

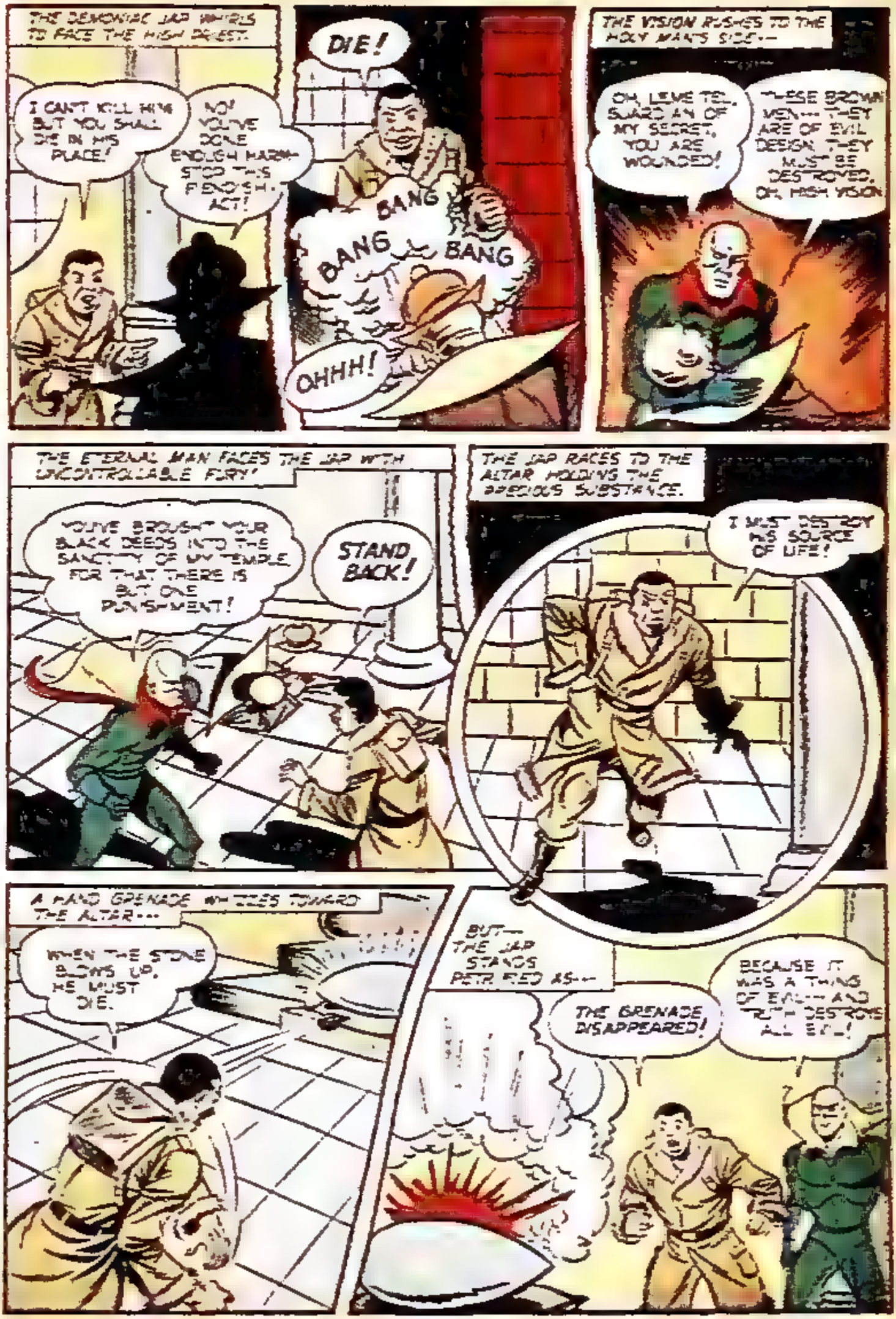
IN A WINDY, SNOW-SWEPT PASS LEADING THROUGH THE VAST HIMMALEYA MOUNTAINS, A STRANGE PILGRIMAGE PROGRESSES.

THIS IS THE PASS OUR DESTINATION LIES BEFORE US

FOR DAYS ON END, THE FEW MEN FORGE AHEAD UNTIL---
THIS IS THE PATH. WE ARE NEAR OUR GOAL
KORI SU. (VERY GOOD)
THE PRECARIOUS ASCENT IS COMPLETED AND BELOW THE MEN A WORLD OF SPLENDOR UNFOLDS BEFORE THEIR EYES
LOOK -- THE SUN SHINES, THE WIND IS CALM AND THE CLIMATE IS WARM
INDEED THIS IS THE SHANGRI-LA!
THE GROUP DESCENDS INTO THE LUSH VALLEY, TO BE GREETED BY AN INHABITANT.
GREETINGS, OH MEN FROM THE OUTSIDE DOMAIN! ENTER HERE IN PEACE, SO THAT YOU MAY LEAVE IN THE SAME PURE STATE
LET ME DO THE TALKING!
WE HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE HEAVENLY SON, EMPEROR HIROHITO OF JAPAN, TO SEE YOUR MOST HIGH PRIEST ON A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE
I AM TO TAKE YOU TO HIM!
EXCELLENT!
HE KNOWS OF YOUR COMING AND WILL GIVE YOU A HEARING
INSIDE ---
OH, DIVINE LEME TEL- THESE ARE THE PILGRIMS FROM THE OUTER WORLD
VERY GOOD, MARA YOU MAY GO. WHAT IS IT YOU WISH, GENTLEMEN?
OUR WISH IS THE WISH OF EVERY MORTAL, HIGH PRIEST. WE COME FOR THE VALUED SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE!
OH- SO YOU KNOW OF OUR GUARDED SECRET? WHO DESIRES THE USE OF THIS KNOWLEDGE?
EMPEROR HIROHITO THE HEAVENLY SON, IS ANXIOUS FOR IMMORTALITY
2

SORROWFULLY, THE HIGH PRIEST SHAKES HIS HEAD---
NO- THE SECRET IS NOT FOR EVIL USE. GO! GO BACK AND TELL YOUR EMPEROR THAT HE MUST DIE ONE DAY. THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE!
THE TREACHEROUS JAPS PRODUCE GUNS.
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE YOU TO GIVE IT TO US!
YOU COME WITH ARMS TO THE HOLY TEMPLE- A SACRILEGE!
VERY WELL COME -- BUT SAY NOT THAT YOU WERE NOT WARNED, UN-PIOUS ONES!
GOOD! I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND!
THE MASSIVE TEMPLE DOORS SWING OPEN AND--
THERE, UPON THE PILLOW- NOT THE SECRET, BUT LIFE ITSELF! I WARN YOU AGAIN--- IT IS DEATH AS WELL!
OH, HEAVENS! EMPEROR! AT LAST YOU SHALL HAVE ETERNAL RADIANCE!
TOTU, REMOVE THE SUBSTANCE FROM ITS RESTING PLACE
NO! DON'T!
WHEN THE JAP TOUCHES THE STONE...
AGHHHHHN!
DEAD!
YES! HE HAD AN EVIL SOUL AND IMMORTALITY WAS NOT FOR HIM!
THEN, FROM THE SWIRLING SMOKE OF THE FRAGRANT INCENSE, A GREAT FIGURE MATERIALIZES-THE VISION!
HARK, EVIL ONE!

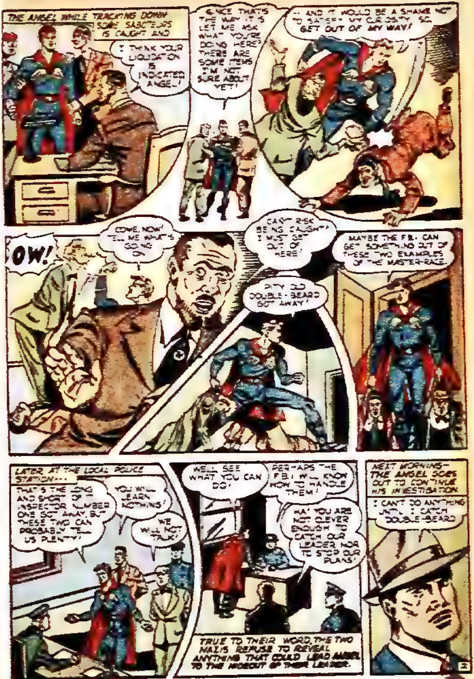
W-WHO ARE YOU?
I POSSESS THE SECRET YOU CAME TO STEAL—ETERNAL LIFE! YEARS AGO, AS THE FIRST HIGH LAMA OF THIS SACRED PLACE, I DISCOVERED THE SECRET AND GAVE MYSELF IMMORTALITY. I PLEDGED MY BEING TO THE GOOD OF HUMANITY AND THE SECRET SHALL REMAIN HERE!
AH, YOU LIE! I'LL DESTROY YOU!
THE GUN FLASHES—
EARTHLY FOOL! I CANNOT BE DESTROYED!
HE LIVES! KITO—JUNO—SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM!
YES!
YOU'RE DESTROYING MY PATIENCE!
HE'S A DEMON!
HE DOES NOT NOT FALL!
BANG
I GAVE YOU A CHANCE FOR LIFE—ONE FINAL CHANCE
THE VISION SLAMS THE JAP INTO THE GLOWING SUBSTANCE
AIEEEEEEEEE
NOW, DIE THE DEATH YOU DESERVE!
THESE TWO WILL SERVE THE DEVIL WELL—
DEMON OF DEMONS!


THE DEMONIAC JAP WHIRLS TO FACE THE HIGH PRIEST.
I CAN'T KILL HIM BUT YOU SHALL DIE IN HIS PLACE!
NO! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH HARM— STOP THIS FIENDISH ACT!
DIE!
BANG
BANG
BANG
OHHH!
THE VISION RUSHES TO THE HOLY MAN'S SIDE—
OH, LEWE TEL- GUARD AN OF MY SECRET, YOU ARE WOUNDED!
THESE BROWN MEN— THEY ARE OF EVIL DESIGN. THEY MUST BE DESTROYED. OH, HIGH VISION
THE ETERNAL MAN FACES THE JAP WITH UNCONTROLABLE FURY!
YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR BLACK DEEDS INTO THE SANCTITY OF MY TEMPLE. FOR THAT THERE IS BUT ONE PUNISHMENT!
STAND BACK!
THE JAP RACES TO THE ALTAR HOLDING THE PRECIOUS SUBSTANCE.
I MUST DESTROY HIS SOURCE OF LIFE!
A HAND GRENADE WHIZZES TOWARD THE ALTAR—
WHEN THE STONE BLOWS UP, HE MUST DIE.
BUT— THE JAP STANDS PETRIFIED AS—
THE GRENADE DISAPPEARED!
BECAUSE IT WAS A THING OF EVIL— AND RUTH DESTROYS ALL EVIL!

NOW YOUR TURN FOR DOOM HAS ARRIVED
NO! NO!
THE CRINGING JAP IS HELD MOMENTARILY ABOVE THE VISION'S HEAD
MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE MURDERER!
NO-NO! AHI-EEE!
THEN...
DIE!
ONHHHHAH
CRUNCH
THE JAP LIES ST—
THERE! YOU BROUGHT IT UPON YOURSELF!
I MUST SAVE FACE— KILL VISION!
OH-THE LAST ONE!
I KILL! I KILL!!!
NO ONE WILL KILL THE VISION!
OW-W
SMACK
THE FALLEN JAP GLANCES AT THE LIFE-GIVING LAMP ON THE ALTAR FOR A MOMENT AND IS HELD SPELLBOUND—FASCINATED.
I HEAR A VOICE—THE VOICE OF MY ANCESTORS! THEY ARE CALLING ME... I MUST GO!

AGHRRR!
THE TEMPLE OF LIFE ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN IS DEATH!
THE VISION GOES TO THE FALLEN MAN'S SIDE
I AM DYING, GREAT ONE!
THERE - YOUR WOUNDS ARE HEALED
CAN BE FOUND
THE VISION RETURNS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS, TO DO BATTLE WITH THE ENEMIES OF RIGHT AND GOOD

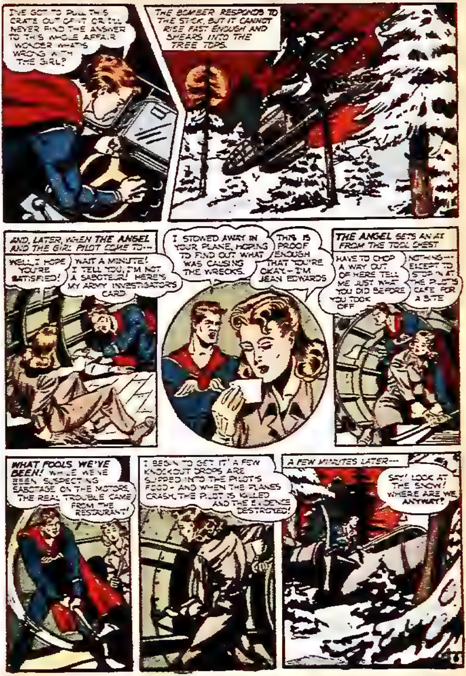
THE ANGEL
DEATH- DARKLY, MYSTERIOUSLY, SILENTLY- STRIKES WHERE BIG BOMBERS LEAVE FOR ENGLAND NIGHTLY! THE ANGEL ANSWERS THIS NEWEST THREAT TO AMERICA AS HE UNCOVERS THE
SABOTAGE AT THE FERRY BASE!


THE ANGEL WHILE TRACKING DOWN SOME SABOTEURS IS CAUGHT AND
I THINK YOUR LIQUIDATION IS INDICATED ANGEL!
SINCE THAT'S THE WAY IT IS LET ME ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE? THERE ARE SOME ITEMS I'M NOT SURE ABOUT YET!
.. AND IT WOULD BE A SHAME NOT TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY SO GET OUT OF MY WAY!
OW!
COME, NOW! TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON
CAN'T RISK BEING CAUGHT! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!
PITY OLD DOUBLE-BEARD GOT AWAY!
MAYBE THE F.B.I. CAN GET SOMETHING OUT OF THESE TWO EXAMPLES OF THE MASTER-RACE.
LATER, AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATION...
THAT'S THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT INSPECTOR NUMBER ONE GOT AWAY, BUT THESE TWO CAN PROBABLY TELL US PLENTY!
YOU WILL LEARN NOTHING!
WE WILL NOT TALK!
WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!
PERHAPS THE F.B.I. WILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM!
HA! YOU ARE NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO CATCH OUR LEADER NOR TO STOP OUR PLANS!
TRUE TO THEIR WORD, THE TWO NAZIS REFUSE TO REVEAL ANYTHING THAT COULD LEAD ANGEL TO THE HIDEOUT OF THEIR LEADER.
NEXT MORNING-- THE ANGEL GOES OUT TO CONTINUE HIS INVESTIGATION
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL I CATCH DOUBLE-BEARD
2

THEN, AS ANGEL WALKS DOWN THE STREET--
WELL- BOB TANNER! HELLO
HELLO, ANGEL! IT'S CAPTAIN TANNER NOW, OF U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE
BOB YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT THIS SPY RING I JUST CAUGHT- ANY IDEA WHAT'S UP?
NONE- YOU COLLECTED ALL THE DOPE WE HAVE- AND YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE NEED
YOU'RE COMING TO HEADQUARTERS TO MEET GENERAL GORDON!
GET LEADER!
AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS--
SO, YOU'RE THE ANGEL! PERHAPS YOU CAN DO US A GREAT SERVICE
AS YOU KNOW, THERE HAS BEEN SABOTAGE ON PLANES AT THE FERRY BASE. WE'VE LOST FAR TOO MANY VALUABLE PLANES AND PILOTS ALREADY. WE'RE SO SHORT ON PERSONNEL THAT MACHINES ARE SENT OVER WITHOUT CO-PILOTS. WE KNOW IT'S SABOTAGE, BUT WE CAN'T FIND OUT HOW IT'S DONE
BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS
GOOD!
AT THE GREAT FERRY BASE, A LINE OF MECHANICS REPORT FOR WORK AT THE CRACK OF DAWN
JIM BOWEN-
NEW, EH? OKAY GO AHEAD

I'M CHECKING THIS PLANE, MYSELF— GIVES ME A GOOD CHANCE TO GO OVER IT CAREFULLY
THAT NIGHT THIS PLANE LEAVES ON ITS PERILOUS TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
THERE SHE GOES! I'M SURE THAT PLANE WASN'T TAMPERED WITH, AND I DIDN'T SEE THE DOUBLE-BEARD HANGING AROUND EITHER!
NEXT MORNING THE ANGEL AGAIN REPORTS AT WORK
HEY BOWEN, DID JA HEAR ABOUT CAP? SHE CRASHED AT SEA LAST NIGHT!
I CHECKED THAT PLANE CAREFULLY, THERE WASN'T A THING WRONG. THE SABOTEURS ARE CLEVERER THAN I GAVE THEM CREDIT FOR.
AND THAT NIGHT JUST BEFORE FLIGHT TIME THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION!
NOW TO STOW AWAY IN HERE
INSIDE THE PLANE...
THEY'RE WARMING UP THE MOTORS — WE'LL BE OFF IN A FEW MINUTES!
AND MINUTES LATER THE MIGHTY BOMBER TAKES FLIGHT...

SAFELY AWAY, THE ANGEL CREEPS FORWARD
IT'S TIME TO SHOW MYSELF WON'T THAT PILOT BE SURPRISED!
HI, BUD!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL SHOOT!
WHY, IT'S A GIRL!
YES, THERE ARE LOTS OF WOMEN FERRYING THESE PLANES- AND THIS IS ONE PLANE YOU WON'T WRECK!
HOLD ON THERE! I'M NO SABOTEUR!
OH, NO? TELL IT TO THE MARINES! YOU--YOU STAY-- MY HEAD--- I--- I FEEL SO-- STRANGE---
OOH-- MY HEAD! I'M---
HEY-WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THIS IS NO TIME TO FAINT!
THE HUGE PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN!
5


I'VE GOT TO PULL THIS CRATE OUT OF IT OR I'LL NEVER FIND THE ANSWER TO THIS WHOLE AFFAIR. WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE GIRL?
THE BOMBER RESPONDS TO THE STICK, BUT IT CANNOT RISE FAST ENOUGH AND SHEARS INTO THE TREE TOPS.
AND, LATER, WHEN THE ANGEL AND THE GIRL PILOT COME TO--
WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!
WAIT A MINUTE! I TELL YOU, I'M NOT A SABOTEUR! HERE'S MY ARMY INVESTIGATOR'S CARD.
I STOWED AWAY IN YOUR PLANE, HOPING TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS CAUSING THE WRECKS.
THIS IS PROOF ENOUGH THAT YOU'RE OKAY-- I'M JEAN EDWARDS
THE ANGEL GETS AN AX FROM THE TOOL CHEST
HAVE TO CHOP A WAY OUT OF HERE. TELL ME JUST WHAT YOU DID BEFORE YOU TOOK OFF
NOTHING-- EXCEPT TO STOP IN AT THE PILOT'S CAFE FOR A BITE
WHAT FOOLS WE'VE BEEN! WHILE WE'VE BEEN SUSPECTING SABOTAGE ON THE MOTORS, THE REAL TROUBLE CAME FROM THE RESTAURANT!
I BEGIN TO GET IT! A FEW KNOCKOUT DROPS ARE SLIPPED INTO THE PILOT'S FOOD - AND WHEN THE PLANES CRASH, THE PILOT IS KILLED AND THE EVIDENCE DESTROYED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER---
SAY! LOOK AT THE SNOW! WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?

WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS OF CANADA — THAT'S THE ROUTE I WAS FLYING
LET'S HEAD SOUTH THEM, BOY! SNOW IS DEEP
SAY- HERE'S LUCK! A CANADIAN MOUNTIE!
QUICK! CAN YOU SEND FOR A BLACK-OUT? I'LL EXPLAIN LATER
WHY YES- I'VE USE THE PORTABLE SET IN MY SHACK
THE RESCUE PLANE REACHES THE FERRI BASE JUST AS ANOTHER SCHMOZ IS BEING WARMED UP
NOW I'LL GIVE A LITTLE SURPRISE TO YOU AT THE CASTERAS!
STOP! DON'T DRINK THAT COFFEE!
WHA—?
THE ANGEL BURSTS INTO THE KITCHEN...
THE GAME'S UP, KAU!
WHO ISIT?
TAKE THIS!
PUTTING SLEEPING PATONS IN COFFEE WAS A SLICK TRICK BUT...
THIS IS THE WAY WE DELIVER KNOCK-OUT DROPS!

ACH! A CAN OF PFEFFER!
MEDDLING FOOL! THIS WILL STOP YOU!
UGH- PEPPER! CAN'T SEE-!" (SNEEZE)
THE CHIEF LEAPS FORWARD AND-
THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL MEDDLE!
YOU MEAN YOUR LAST TIME!
THE ANGEL'S UPLIFTED HAND TOUCHES A HEAVY PAN.
THIS SHOULD HOLD YOU, UNLESS...
KONK
ACH-UH!
HOLY SMOKES! IT'S OLD DOUBLE-BEARD, HIMSELF! THE DISGUISE CERTAINLY FOOLED ME!
BOY, THOSE NAZIS SURE COOK UP SOME NASTY MESSES! I'M GLAD WE MANAGED TO STOP THEM FROM DOING ANY MORE DAMAGE.
THE ANGEL HAS ONCE MORE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT HE SET OUT TO DO- AND, AS HE LEAVES FOR A NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL, HIS SHADOW FALLS PROTECTIVELY ON THE FERRY BASE.
LET US FINISH WHAT WE STARTED TO DO- LET'S BEAT THE AXIS OUR OWN WAY— BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

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